

## THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## Talking It Over.

Five little people had been to walk,  
Some one way and some another,  
And at night as they looked their ten little feet  
Round the fire, a voice that was always sweet,  
Said, "What did you see? Tell mother."

Then Tom, by birthright, began: "I heard  
The merriest sing-bells ring,  
And there was the least little nite of a sleigh,  
And a little boy plying so chipper and gay,  
The boy that drove must be happy all day,  
As happy as any king."

Next came the Brownie: "O, mother, I saw,  
In a window so large and clear,  
A bird in a cage all golden and blue,  
And over and round it long vines grew,  
And lovely roses and fuchsias too,  
How I wanted it, mother dear!"

And then came the long-haired boy  
With a wonderful, wonderful doll,  
With flowing curls of yellow hair,  
And a smiling face so soft and fair,  
And a spangled dress as light as air,  
Fit for Cinderella's ball.

Then Harry—dear little fat, round Hal,  
(Sometimes called Jolly-Poly),  
What did he see but a gorgeous bird,  
With a dying horse in flaming red,  
And its name, all yellow, was "GO AHEAD,"  
"O, mother, I tell you 'twas jolly!"

And now it was Birdie's turn: "Mamma,  
I heard a faint little 'kee-kee,'  
I heard a dear little, poor little kitty,  
Just shivering with cold and fear,  
Nobody owned her in all the city;  
So I've brought her home to live with me."

Then mother said softly, "Good night, my dears,  
With whispers of this and that;  
And kisses many, or sweet refrain,  
Were given over and over again,  
Till they all went off with their wishes vain,  
But Birdie, who carried her cat."

## The Next Day After.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The story is to tell what happened after-  
ward. There is always a next day to  
good and bad times; but most stories end  
before you get to it. I always wanted to  
know what became of the "Three Little  
Pigs" after they scolded the Fox to death,  
and what the Bears said when they found  
that Goldenhair had run away; and I  
think that that knows might be made  
to tell about it. At any rate I am going  
to tell you what happened the next day  
after Capt. Jinks' birthday party.

Jinks had very few birthdays for a boy  
of his age; only six all told, and two of  
those he couldn't remember, which was  
*prima facie* evidence that he was not  
there (*prima facie* means plain as the  
nose on your face); so the whole family  
had given over arguing with Jinks on  
that point.

Now the sixth one had come and gone,  
and there would not be another for a  
year. Jinks didn't see why. It wasn't  
like Christmas, or New Year's, or Fourth  
of July. Folks were always having  
birthdays, summer and winter, just when  
they please, for anything he could see.  
Jinks stood by the window squeaking  
his fingers up and down the glass, and  
wondering how soon somebody would  
tell him to stop that.

"One birthday a year isn't much; and  
'sides, I wish I didn't choose mine in  
winter."

"People don't choose their birthdays,"  
said Molly.

"Who does?" said Jinks, discontent-  
edly.

"God does," answered Molly, with  
just a very little perk of her head.

"If she had said the President, as  
Jinks had expected, he was prepared to  
express his rebellious sentiments,  
without fear or favor; but as it was he  
only scowled and scraped the carpet  
with his slipper-heel. Just then his  
papa came in with his hat in his hand,  
and stooped down to kiss his little boy  
good-by.

Jinks brightened up at once.  
"Oh! papa, couldn't I go to the  
office with you? There isn't anything to  
'muse me here."

"Dear me!" said papa, tossing Cap-  
tain up in his arms; "is this the young-  
ster that had a birthday party yester-  
day?"

"I don't care much about birthday  
parties," said Jinks; "and, 'sides, the  
more fun you have you're all the  
looser the next day."

"And Jinks is always cross the next  
day whether it's a birthday or candy,"  
said Molly, in a vexatious tone.

"Come on, then," said papa, and  
Jinks ran out of his slippers and into his  
boots, crushed his cap over his  
curls, wriggled into his funny little  
ulster overcoat, and could scarcely stop  
for mamma to kiss his red cheeks and  
slip two cookies into his pocket.

Jinks always enjoyed himself at the  
office; but that day he had a particularly  
good time. He crammed his pocket-  
book with stamps from the waste-  
basket; he pasted pictures and posters  
over the wood-box, he made a famous  
barbecue of patent-office reports; he  
ate a pop-corn ball, two apples, and a  
pint of peanuts. By that time he was  
tired. He sat down on the top of the  
barbecue, and wandered when his papa  
would go to lunch. He wasn't hungry;  
but he had eaten too many things, and  
so he fancied he wanted some more,  
which is sometimes the case with people  
much older than Capt. Jinks. His papa  
kept on writing letters until the box was  
crowded full. Then he jerked out his  
watch and jumped up so suddenly he  
almost upset his chair.

"See here, Capt. Jinks, I must be at  
the Tremont in ten minutes, to meet  
some gentlemen; but I shall be back in  
time to take you to lunch."

"Papa," called Jinks, "couldn't I—"  
But papa was out of the door already,  
and only shouted back to the office-boy:

"Be sure you got those letters into  
the mail and call at the express office."  
There was really no help for it, and so  
Jinks climbed into the window-seat and  
watched the street cars. Jinks was in-  
terested in street cars, because he had  
decided to be a car-driver himself, as  
soon as he was old enough. He after-  
ward changed his mind and concluded  
to have a hack, because with a hack you  
can choose your own street and be more  
independent. I think Jinks was right.

I should prefer a hack myself. By and  
by Robert began to gather up the letters,  
and Jinks took down his cap. He liked  
very much to go to the office with Robert.  
"It's twelve o'clock," said Robert,  
"and your father'll come for you di-  
rectly."

He looked at Jinks, and the popcorn-  
ball he had eaten began to roll up into  
his throat. At least, it felt like a pop-  
corn-ball.

"He'll be here inside of ten minutes,"  
said Robert, encouragingly; "and you  
may take my knife and whistle. Ye  
see, it takes me the best part of an hour  
to get ground; and I stop in home for a  
bite while I'm down the way."

Poor little Jinks swallowed hard at the  
popcorn-ball and took his knife; but  
when Robert was actually gone he didn't  
care much about whistling. What if he  
should cut his finger, and no one there  
to hear him cry. So he went back to  
the window, and waited and watched.  
He tried to count the people; but as he  
could only count up to ten, he had to  
begin over very often. All the men in  
the world went by except his papa.  
Jinks was sure of that. His papa had  
forgotten all about him. Jinks was sure  
of that too. Away up the street he could  
see the restaurant where they always  
went for lunch. Probably he was sit-  
ting there now. Jinks was growing in-  
dignant.

"I know the way, and I'll go my own  
self." And with this brave resolve he  
started out. After all, it would be very  
grand to come marching in all alone;  
and at the thought Jinks thrust his  
hands into his overcoat pockets, and felt  
on one side the two cookies and on the  
other a five-cent piece. It was the nickel  
that did the business, for Jinks immedi-  
ately resolved to gratify the one desire  
of his heart and "have a shine." He  
caught sight of a boot-black down the  
street, and hurried after him, without  
noticing that he had passed the restau-  
rant on his way. If Jinks lives to be a  
man he will never feel prouder than  
when he stood at the street corner, amid  
a crowd of grinning boys, while two  
sturdy ragamuffins took it by turns to  
put a miraculous polish onto the little  
red-topped boots.

"See to shave yerself in them boots,  
Gen'l," said one of the boys, as Jinks  
dropped the nickel in his dirty hand.

"Give us yer custom reg'lar!"  
Jinks walked at least three blocks with  
no thought in his noddle but those boots.  
How they did shine! He hunted into  
half a dozen people, in his admiration of  
those glossy little mischief-makers, that  
were getting him into trouble as fast as  
they could trot. For by and by Jinks  
waked up to the fact that he had started  
to find the restaurant, and had surely lost  
his way. Silly little boots! They did  
not even turn about, but trotted on and  
on. Poor little Capt. Jinks!

When Robert came back to the office  
he picked up his knife, swept up the few  
little whistlings, and went about his  
work. Some one came up-stairs two  
steps at a time, pushed open the office  
door, and called out:

"Well, Capt. Jinks—"  
It was papa. Robert got down from  
his stool, stuck his pen into his white  
hair, and stared at him as if he had  
never seen him before. "Sir!"

"Where's Jinks? Where's the little  
boy?"

"Didn't you take him to lunch, sir?"

"I take him! I've just got back.  
What on earth are you staring at?"

"I—I left him here, sir. I went with  
the mail, as you told me, sir. I made  
sure you'd be in directly."

"And you were gone—"

"Bout an hour, sir. And when I  
came in I reckoned you'd took the little  
chap."

Papa looked quite pale; but he shut  
his mouth firmly and did not say a word.  
First he went through the building and  
in two minutes it was known in every  
office that Capt. Jinks was missing.

Then he sent Robert in one direction,  
and bade him notify every policeman he  
met; and he himself went in another  
direction and had word sent to all the  
police stations. So it was pretty gener-  
ally known that a sturdy little fellow,  
with thick curly hair, with big brown  
eyes, very red cheeks, a gray overcoat,  
and a black velvet cap was missing.

Strange to say papa did not mention the  
boots, which were at the bottom of the  
whole affair and which managed to keep  
out of the way of all policemen, until it  
began to grow dark, and papa was al-  
most distracted. Just as he was  
leaving the police station in despair  
some one cried out cheerily: "Oh! there  
he is! That's my papa!"

And in an instant the gray overcoat, the  
velvet cap, the boots, and Capt. Jinks him-  
self squirmed out of the arms of a tall  
policeman, who was bringing him in.

Such a tired, dirty, miserable little pro-  
digal as he was! But papa didn't care a  
straw, as long as he actually had him safe  
and sound. Too brave to cry, and con-  
fident that he should find his way back  
to the office, Jinks had tramped on, until  
at last the little Italian violinist attracted  
his attention, and he stopped to listen to  
his music. The boy had coaxed him  
away toward his own quarters, promis-  
ing to give him a monkey and take him  
to his papa. Strangely enough all the  
men who were looking for him failed to  
see him; but a policeman who had been  
out on special duty, coming down in a  
west side car, caught sight of the suspi-  
cious looking partners and stopped to  
look into the matter. Poor little Jinks  
was already beginning to repent of his  
confidence, and was glad enough to take  
refuge with the policeman, on whose  
broad shoulder he dropped asleep almost  
as soon as he was seated in the street-car.

He had parted company with his  
pocketbook, and his mittens, and his  
little blue-bordered handkerchief; but  
then Jinks himself was all there, and  
there was even a very little shine left on  
the boots. When he sat on his mamma's  
knee, looking very sweet and very  
cuddly, in his white night-gown, mamma  
cuddled him up close and said:

"Who took care of my darling when  
he was lost in the big city?"

"God did," said Jinks, softly. "I'm  
glad he's so high up, 'cause he could  
see me all the time."

"And he sent the policeman to take  
care of you?"

"Yes," said Jinks; "I's pose he did.  
He said: 'That's Captain Jinks. He's  
a boy that I'm acquainted of, and he's  
getting lost. You better go and take  
him back.'"

—Emily Huntington Miller.

BURGLED is no longer an art which  
requires darkness for its successful prac-  
tice. A firm of six burglars entered a  
jewelry store in New York in broad day-  
light, and after knocking the proprietor  
senseless and tying and gagging him  
proceeded to pack up the stock in bags  
and escaped without attracting any at-  
tention. By the time the alarm was given  
the burglars were beyond the reach  
of such pursuit as the New York police  
is likely to institute.

## THE MISSING LINK.

Discovery of a Human Skeleton with eight  
Bones.  
(From the Chertolston (Prince Edward's Island)  
Examiner.)

I am a farmer, residing on the Nesbit  
road, East Point, and engaged, as most  
of my neighbors, in procuring muskeg  
or marsh mud during the winter months.  
At the southern end of my land is a  
creek, about which lies a considerable  
tract of marshy land. For the last two  
or three years myself and sons have used  
the deposit in this marsh as a manure,  
have made pits of a very considerable  
depth. Being convinced that the lower  
mud was the best, and our anticipations  
of being troubled by the rise of water  
in the hole proving unfounded, we have  
used the same pit for the past two win-  
ters. Bearing this in mind, it must not  
be a matter of surprise that the pit is  
now excessively deep. The substance  
is a kind of heavy black peat. One day,  
in the latter part of last month, myself,  
my son William, and a man in my em-  
ploy, one Alfred McDuff, were engaged  
in procuring manure from the pit. The  
two latter were in the hole, digging and  
loading the sleigh, while I remained  
above. I was about to light my pipe,  
when I suddenly heard loud exclamation  
from my son, followed by a similar  
demonstration from his companion.

I approached, and to my infinite sur-  
prise, beheld, projecting from the mud,  
the cerebellum of a human skull. Grad-  
ually, and with the greatest care, we  
proceeded to free the remains from the  
superincumbent earth, and at length  
had the satisfaction to disclose an entire  
skeleton of a full-grown human being.  
The skeleton, speaking generally, was  
much the same as that of a large male  
specimen of the present Indian race.  
The skull, however, was very much flat-  
tened on the top, and the jaw bones  
very large and thick. The lower arm  
bones were much longer than the usual  
standard. The legs, on the contrary,  
were short in a very noticeable degree.  
The discovery in itself is sufficiently  
strange; but the strangest part of the  
story is yet to tell. Behind the figure,  
and in a position directly continuous  
from the back of the spine, were nine-  
teen small articulated bones. There  
cannot be the slightest room for doubt  
that these members represent the osseous  
framework of a tail. Startling as  
this fact may seem, it is beyond dispute.  
Of the great number of persons who  
have been to my house to view this  
most interesting specimen of a departed  
race, not one has, in the most explicit  
words, failed to indorse my own first-  
formed opinion. It was, indeed, argued  
by our minister that it was quite possi-  
ble that the bones, though undoubtedly  
the bones of a tail, might be merely  
those of one taken from some animal,  
and used by the man as a weapon, of-  
fensive or defensive. But the position  
clearly invalidates this argument. The  
hands were folded in front of the body,  
and, therefore, could not have been  
holding the tail, which, as it appeared  
to make a direct junction with the back-  
bone, could not have maintained that  
situation without some support. Add  
to this the undoubted similarity of the  
bones, and the plainly apparent articula-  
tions from the end of the tail to the  
neck is conclusive. I content myself at  
present with this brief narration of this  
most interesting discovery, leaving it for  
some future time to comment on its  
immense importance as a link in the  
chain of history of prehistoric man.

SILAS WILCOX.

## Hale and Hearty at Hundred.

Mr. James Kelley, a soldier under  
Wellington in the Peninsular campaign,  
attained his one hundredth year on the  
16th inst. He is residing with a daugh-  
ter in this city, and is in the enjoyment  
of remarkable health, considering his  
advanced age.  
He was the youngest of twenty-one  
children, and he had born to him thir-  
teen children, none of whom survive ex-  
cept a daughter. He was the father of  
the late Capt. Joseph Kelley, a brave  
officer in the Confederate service, and  
one of his grand-daughters is the wife of  
the Hon. M. K. McGrath, our present  
Secretary of State.  
The old veteran keeps quite closely to  
his room, though disabled by few of the  
infirmities that usually accompany a  
man of his great longevity. His legs  
are weak, but on the occasion of his re-  
cent birthday he walked from the room  
into the dining-hall without assist-  
ance. His features bear the marks of  
a remarkably bright and resolute  
man. His hair, once black, is  
snowy white, and is combed back of his  
ears. His eyes sparkle with vivacity  
and with the fire of youth, especially  
when recounting his exploits on the  
battle-field, and "fighting his battles  
o'er again." He has never used spec-  
tacles.

Mr. Kelley is remarkably abstemious  
in his habits, and has not tasted any  
intoxicating beverage for many years.  
In recounting the incidents of his varied  
life, he gives the particulars with vivid  
and even dramatic effect, but his mem-  
ory fails him in names and dates.—*St.  
Louis Republican.*

## "Three Fingers."

"John," called little Mrs. Pearson  
after her husband as he left home in the  
morning, "stop at French's and bring  
me three fingers of that new mynagene  
lace, and a spoon of white silk."

John braced himself up, and repeated  
the message: "Three—fingers—of—mil-  
lionaire silk, and a spoon of white lace,"  
then he saw a car coming, and held up  
three fingers that he might not forget the  
message while he hailed the driver.

As he took his seat he murmured ab-  
sently, "Three fingers of—morn'g papers,  
boy!—millionaire," and he subsided  
into the paper, while he kept his fingers  
extended in the air. An old lady who  
sat next to him saw his lips move, and  
whispered to her daughter "that, there  
was another Moody convert." When the  
conductor came around, John stared at  
him, and repeated "three fingers, etc.,"  
but the conductor took him by the collar,  
and told him to pay his fare. At the  
office the clerk asked him a question  
about the day's business, but the only  
answer he could get was "Three  
fingers of invoices" when he went to  
lunch, he rushed into the first restau-  
rant, and being past speech, could  
only hold up three fingers, which the  
obliging young man behind the counter

at once proceeded to pour out. When  
John's wife saw him next he was hatless  
and coatless, sitting with a vacant ex-  
pression of countenance behind the bars  
of a cell, in the station, and a reporter  
had just commenced to write "Murderer  
arrested! Talks of nothing else than  
the three fingers of his victim! Horrible  
disclosures expected!" The little woman  
paid John's fine, and took him home,  
where he slept stupidly till the next day,  
when he declared his coffee must have  
been drugged. Mrs. John says it's just  
what you might expect of a man—  
he never has sense enough to carry a dry  
goods message, without losing his bal-  
ance!

## A Serious Joke.

There is a young gentleman in this  
town who is looked upon as a sort of a  
woman-hater, and who, it was believed  
until recently, would not marry the  
handsomest and best woman on earth  
if every hair in her head was a Koh-i-  
noor diamond. On account of leap year  
some young ladies concluded to put up a  
job on this young man, and arrange it  
for one of their number to propose mar-  
riage to him, while the others watched  
the fun through holes bored in a parti-  
tion. The gentleman was invited to call  
at the house of the young lady who was  
to do the proposing, and on the design-  
ated evening he was there, seated in  
the parlor, while the accessories to the  
plot were stationed at their eye-holes.  
After some desultory conversation about  
the weather and the club party, the  
young lady suddenly dropped on her  
knees before the gentleman and in en-  
dearing terms declared her passion.

"Darling," she said, "I long have  
loved thee, but the cruel conventional-  
ities of society have forced me to con-  
ceal my passion. Leap year, which  
gives to oppressed woman one blessed  
privilege, is now here, and I take ad-  
vantage of it to tell thee I adore thee.  
Look not thus coldly on me, dearest;  
spurn me not from your presence. See  
me on my bended knees imploring that  
you will not say me nay. Grant me but  
one kiss from those ruby lips; fold me  
to thine arms and say that thou wilt be  
mine; mine, only mine, forever and for-  
ever."

Contrary to expectation the gentleman  
displayed not the least astonishment dur-  
ing the foregoing recital, and when it  
was concluded he went over to the stove,  
and, folding his hands under his coat-  
tails, thus replied:

"I'm told your dad owns 100 shares of  
North Carson, and that you've got two  
brindle bull-dogs in your own right and  
female flirts, and the manager of the  
hotel, Mr. Lansing, played an amusing  
joke recently upon you, young gentleman,  
of this description who came under his  
notice. He found the following "per-  
sonal" in a morning paper one day:

A STOR HOUSE, FROM FULTON FERRY, IN  
Fifth avenue, at 1 o'clock p. m.—Lady in  
skin suit who please send address to the  
editor of the Herald, who will send you  
day, F. H. B., box 114, Herald Up-town Branch  
office.

Forthwith he addressed a note to F.  
H. B., penned in a female hand, and ap-  
pointed an interview in the hotel on the  
following day. The writer urged him  
to be discreet, and to make sure that  
there would be no mistake; suggested  
that he would walk up and down the  
main corridor with an illustrated news-  
paper in his left hand.

Punctually at the appointed hour  
F. H. B. made his appearance, dressed  
to kill, and for half an hour paced the  
corridor pensively, with a copy of Har-  
per's Weekly in one hand, the hotel offi-  
cials and the guests of the house enjoy-  
ing themselves greatly meanwhile.

Having finally left the hotel in despair,  
he put himself to the expense of an-  
other personal. Another note was writ-  
ten to him, and he was brought to the  
hotel a second time, when rumor spread  
in the street that Weston was walking  
on a wager in the Astor, and a crowd  
poured in to look at him. He was prob-  
ably the most crestfallen young man in  
New York when the clerks finally called  
him into their private office and opened  
his eyes.—*New York World.*

## Pork-packing in the West.

Sidney D. Maxwell, Superintendent  
of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce,  
has collected and printed the statistics of  
pork-packing in the West for the past  
season. The number of porkers slaugh-  
tered was 4,850,192, against 5,837,124 for  
the season of 1874-'5; average gross  
weight, 272 pounds, against 362 pounds  
in 1874-'5. The following table shows  
the various points that have packed 10,  
000 hogs and over during the season of  
1875-'6:

Chicago, Ill.,	1,999,065	Omaha, Neb.,	18,025
Cincinnati, O.,	962,307	Knox, O.,	17,582
St. Louis, Mo.,	929,294	Madison, O.,	16,046
Indianapolis, Ind.,	323,184	Paul, Minn.,	16,000
Louisville, Ky.,	223,147	Wilmington, O.,	15,900
Milwaukee, Wis.,	181,797	Cincinnati, O.,	15,329
Peoria, Ill.,	87,991	Barry, Ill.,	15,300
St. Joseph, Mo.,	86,077	Des Moines, Ia.,	15,200
St. Paul, Minn.,	82,250	Springfield, Ill.,	15,200
Cedar Rapids, Ia.,	75,969	Terre Haute, Ind.,	15,200
Kansas City, Mo.,	72,500	Springfield, Ill.,	15,200
Quincy, Ill.,	62,500	Franklin, Ill.,	15,200
Des Moines, Ia.,	60,427	Pekin, Ill.,	15,200
Des Moines, Ia.,	40,000	Washington, Mo.,	15,200
Detroit, Mich.,	32,410	Greenburg, Ind.,	15,200
Salt Lake City, Utah,	31,338	Pagerstown, Ind.,	14,400
Rockport, Mo.,	29,780	New Castle, Ind.,	14,200
Ottawa, Ill.,	25,000	Evansville, Ind.,	14,000
Cincinnati, O.,	24,410	Burlington, Ia.,	13,600
Galena, Ill.,	20,000	Davenport, Ia.,	13,572
Richmond, Ind.,	22,700	Bowling Green, Ky.,	13,200
Washington, D. C.,	20,165	Leavenworth, Kas.,	10,000

The elevated steam railway is going  
ahead rapidly in New York city. Palace-  
car Pullman is at the head of the com-  
pany, and contracts are already made for  
its construction from the Battery to Cen-  
tral park, five miles, by the way of  
Church and Chambers streets, West  
Broadway, South Fifth avenue, West  
Third street and Sixth avenue. The  
structure is to be of iron frame-work,  
supported over the centers of the streets  
by double rows of columns, with two sets  
of tracks, and this section of the enter-  
prise is to be finished and put in running  
order this summer.

## BRITISH JOURNALISM.

The Way Newspapers are Edited in Eng-  
land.

Sub-editors of Liberal London papers  
are correspondents of Conservative  
provincial papers. Sub-editors of Con-  
servative metropolitan papers are corre-  
spondents of Radical provincial papers.  
There is no use in your ever attempting  
to point out to an English editor some  
inconsistency between his new order and  
the previous opinions of the paper on the  
same subject. You are sure to have the  
order repeated, or given to another  
writer less scrupulous than yourself. I  
once heard an editor of a high-class pa-  
per say to an old contributor who was  
seized by a refractory fit: "I don't ask  
you to write this because it is right, but  
because I want it in this way; and if you  
don't like it, I will find some one else to  
do the work." And, all things consid-  
ered, he was impolite, but not wrong.  
He is the only responsible person of the  
anonymous newspaper, and, consequent-  
ly, full discretion must be left to him as  
regards what is to be said on a given  
subject. But how, on the other hand,  
can you expect an article to show talent,  
or to be sufficiently telling to influence  
the reader, when written in that way, by  
a man personally disagreeing with every  
word he has to say in it?

On the continent of Europe the editor  
and contributors do not work together,  
unless they are quite sure that their po-  
litical and philosophical views are in har-  
mony, and if a disagreement upon a  
point of detail sometimes arises, it is  
usually settled by a friendly arbitration  
before a couple of old members of the  
staff. The editor could not and would  
not dare to exercise a despotic power  
over the productions of a man of any  
talent or knowledge, and one who signs  
his name under his contribution.

The absolute power which the anonym-  
ous press gives to the despotic control  
of editors over the works of the contribu-  
tors must naturally react upon their  
personal relations. Familiarity between  
the working staff becomes impossible.  
Contributors to the same paper hardly  
know each other. If they were acquaint-  
ed with each other they might attempt  
to exercise a pressure upon the foreman  
of the shop. But when they are kept  
apart they can be managed much more  
conveniently, and if one of them begins  
to think himself indispensable or gets at  
all conceited, he can be at once replaced  
by another willing to make himself gen-  
erally useful at a moderate price. The  
total absence of anything like friendship,  
or even common fellowship, on the staff  
of English papers is perfectly puzzling.

The commonest navies and mechanics  
have more *esprit de corps* than the gen-  
tlemen of the press, always jealous of  
each other and always ready to throw a  
comrade overboard in order to take his  
place. It is all a struggle for life, and  
for bringing in one's copy.

The editors and proprietors, of course,  
take full advantage of this, and an Eng-  
lish leader-writer, an adviser and teacher  
of the nation, thinks nothing of waiting  
an hour in the editor's ante-room along  
with the office-boys, while the great man  
is taking his lunch or listening to the  
"suggestions" of some distinguished  
or influential visitor. Many of the  
writers on the English papers see less of  
their editor than a groom or a cook does  
of his master, and this is the case, not  
only with the outside contributors, but  
even with members of the staff. The  
only persons having regular admission  
to the presence of their chief are the  
leader-writers. They come to the office  
from Clapham, Camberwell or West  
Brompton, at an appointed hour, like  
chorus-singers to a rehearsal, without  
knowing what sort of human beings  
they will have to personate, whether  
they are to be converted into priests,  
into warriors, into fishermen, or into  
gyrises. After having waited in the  
ante-room as long as the comfort of the  
editor requires, they receive their theme  
and key-note, go to their club to see  
whether anything toward the "copy"  
can be got there, and make up their  
minds as to what sort of encyclopedia,  
dictionary, guide-book, law digest, or  
old files of their own productions they  
shall refer to. Then they have to write  
a couple of provincial pot-boilers to be  
dispatched by the evening mail, and  
after dinner proceed to the production of  
those couple of hundred lines which the  
great mogul is to revise and season at  
midnight, and the all-absorbing reader  
has got to swallow on the next morning.

This sort of business is going on every  
day in every London newspaper office,  
the only variations being that in some of  
them the theme and key-note are given at  
1 p. m., in others at 5 p. m., and that,  
consequently, in some of them the writ-  
ers have a little more time for the  
"consideration" of what they have to  
say. True, they are handsomely paid.  
For a thousand pounds a year, with six  
weeks' holiday, a man can endure a good  
deal, but only a peculiar and specially  
trained brain can be made to work under  
such circumstances, especially if we  
keep in view that very few of these men  
have even that primary satisfaction of a  
writer of seeing their thoughts unmuti-  
lated, and their style not disfigured, in  
print. Yet this is so seldom the case that  
I once heard one of the leader-  
writers of the *Times* frankly avow in  
his club that, notwithstanding his serv-  
ing on the staff of that paper for up-  
ward of ten years, he had seldom been  
able to recognize his own handwriting.—  
*New York Sun.*

## Mr. Dana's Rejection.

[Washington Cor. New York Tribune.]  
After a session which continued more  
than two hours this afternoon, the Sen-  
ate, by a vote of thirty-one to seventeen,  
refused to confirm the nomination of  
Richard H. Dana to be United States  
Minister to England. The discussion  
was not distinguished by the introduction  
of any new or important elements.

The same old matters which have been  
so repeatedly brought to the attention  
of the Senate were again rehearsed. The  
Lawrence-Dana controversy was re-  
viewed, and the letter in which Mr. Dana  
announced his refusal to appear before  
the committee which had decided against  
him on *ex parte* evidence was character-  
ized as it has been before. The resolution  
as reported by the Committee on  
Foreign Relations was as follows: